

The TATLER and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXIX. No. 2328

London
February 6, 1946



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Harlip

Lady Walker

Lady Walker, the attractive young wife of Sir James Heron Walker, fifth Baronet. She is the only daughter of Mr. Victor Alexandre Beaufort, of Georgetown, U.S.A. The Walkers were married in 1939, and their son and heir, Victor Stewart Heron, was born in 1942. Sir James and Lady Walker live at Ringdale Manor, Faringdon, Berks

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

PORTRAITS IN PRINT

Centuries of Thought on an English Utopia

AT this time when fifty-odd nations meet in London to discuss the building of Utopia, and with each discussion seem to fall out a little more over its planning, it is instructive to turn, as I have lately, to the original, famous *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More.

Most of us, nowadays, if we have heard of More, think only of the martyr to Henry VIII's bullying, the gentle humanist who would not deny his Faith. And his canonization has further tended to turn this brilliant, lovable, lively, creature into a decoration for a pious mantelpiece.

The trouble, to begin with, is, I think, most people of Henry's day seem almost more remote than the Victorians. Those stern, bleak faces with unequal eyes that stare out disapprovingly from Holbein's sketches, puzzle and chill us. Their tortuous scholarship, their learned puns belong still to the mysterious medieval world that eternally eludes us, perhaps because the whole fashion of thought has changed in the intervening centuries. Thomas More on the other hand, is of that gay, bright, satirical England, which delighted Erasmus, as it seems warm and close to us, that paradise of questing thought and pretty girls, who kissed even grave scholars on the slightest occasion.

A Garden to Every House

Utopia itself is pervaded by no fusty prejudice. It is essentially original, taking no institution or custom for granted. Its thought runs and leaps far ahead of its age, in its advocacy of the six-hour day, universal education (which we were not to get till about 1870), and a universal health service quite as full as that which the Government now promise us.

Every urban house in Utopia has its garden; "neither do they suffer anything that is filthy, loathsome, or uncleanly, to be brought into the city, lest the air by the stench thereof, infected and corrupt, should cause pestilent diseases."

In the noblest sense of the word it is an anarchic state. No lawyers, few police, no locked doors, because nobody is so silly as to litigate, and crime is rare.

In particular there is no need to steal, for there is a common ownership of property, and an abundance of everything for everyone. In consequence money is quite superfluous, and the Utopian contempt for gold is manifested by making chamberpots of that precious metal, or fetters for occasional wrongdoers. Diamonds and other precious stones are used only to bedeck children.

Gold Dethroned

THE Utopians "marvel also that gold, which of its own nature is a thing so unprofitable, is now among all people in so high estimation, that man himself . . . is in much less estimation than gold itself. Insomuch that a lumpish, block-headed churl, and which hath no more wit than an ass, yea, and as full of naughtiness as of folly, shall have nevertheless many wise and good men in subjection and bondage, only for this, because he hath a great heap of gold." I comfort myself with those immortal words,

every time I am bored by the successful capitalist at the dinner-table.

MORE is surprisingly reticent about Sex among the Utopians. But he does make one positive assertion. Before marrying, an engaged couple, though chastity be savagely enforced upon them, must see each other naked. (How far from the Brownings who, in the whole course of their marriage, are reputed never to have seen each other naked at all!)

Nor did More shrink from practising what he preached. One fine morning, at an hour when beautiful young girls of fashion are still asleep, a stripling of agreeable aspect arrived at Sir Thomas More's villa near the river at Chelsea. Ushered into the presence of the great man, he stuttered out the purpose of his call. He yearned to marry one of Sir Thomas's two pretty daughters.

He was slightly in love, it would seem, with both of them. Sir Thomas did not frown upon the young man's suit. Indeed he liked him. And so, he led the conventional blade upstairs, to the bedroom where the two pretty Miss Mores still dozed, and pulled back the bedclothes from the foot.

The two sleepy young bodies were disclosed while the faces became lost in the cast-back bedclothes. "Choose," commanded Sir Thomas, "which of them do you prefer?" I do not know how the suitor took it. Did he apprise them with the dispassionate eye of a live stock fancier? Did he run sweating off to his favourite tavern, there to steady his nerves with a strong caudle?

The Iron Cemetery

I WAS strangely reminded of *Utopia* a chill morning or so ago. Near the railway line up which I travel all too often to London, lies one of the most modern and depressing of all cemeteries—a graveyard of rusting Bren-gun carriers, and tanks with their dilapidated tracks more poignant somehow than the oldest beggar's rags whipped by the iciest wind. How sordid and inane it looks, this metallic refuse, which has not even the grace to putrefy simply, and enrich the rationed earth with its manure.

Chinese cities are always ringed round with human cemeteries, ours with piles of dead metal, the unwanted radiogram, the once natty M.G. dissolving all too slowly among breezily coarse nettles. As we neared the strange graveyard I was thinking of Thomas More's green city of gardens, with no filth let into it, and none, I imagine, let out, and the strange contrast of Chicago, where, in my day at least, the air-conditioned replica of a Henri II chateau on the Loire stood hard by a refuse dump for tin cans among which the gangsters of fifteen years later were practising how to kidnap the millionaire's flaxen-haired daughter, or levy tribute on the recalcitrant laundry. . . . Then my train reached the tank cemetery, and I was back in the lean England of 1946.

But there was something unfamiliar about the black wrecks of Man's mechanical ferocity. Though we wanted snow to break the tension

of an abominable cold, as yet had come no relieving fall. Nevertheless, the skeletons seemed incrusted with the white stuff.

Then, as we drew abreast, it rose skyward in a dazzling spray. It was hundred upon hundred of shivering gulls, driven inland by the cold, and perching upon dead Churchills and Cromwells and Covenanters because, perhaps, they seemed like rocks at low tide. . . .

The Musical Christian

A FRIEND of mine has recently had the rare fortune to find a cook, who not only prefers cooking to any other vocation, but is also filled with sprightly human kindness. She is fond of singing and very devout, so devout indeed, she was once, it seems, connected with the Salvation Army. Her choice of songs tends, therefore, to edifying numbers, sometimes set to startling modern airs. To the tune of that charming rumba, "No Can Do," for instance, she proclaims "Jesus loves me, that I know." And when you get over your first surprise (which after all springs from a conventional upbringing) you cannot help admiring the eagerness and ingenuity with which the very lilt of modern life is pressed into the service of devotion.

Why shouldn't we worship to rumba rhythm? What of the syncopation in negro spirituals, what of the reminiscences of fashionable Italian opera which indeed increase the beauty of many eighteenth-century Masses? Why should the praises of the Lord be sung only to a cold hieratic music? On the analogy of the "Jongleur de Notre Dame" surely even the most frivolous of arts can contribute its mite?

I am always fascinated and touched by reports of pious Indian communities, in bare parishes high up in the Andes, who, at Christmas, parade a bambino wrapped in a feathery cuirass, and honour Him with a dance that was formerly given to placate the merciless Sun God.

The Beige Era

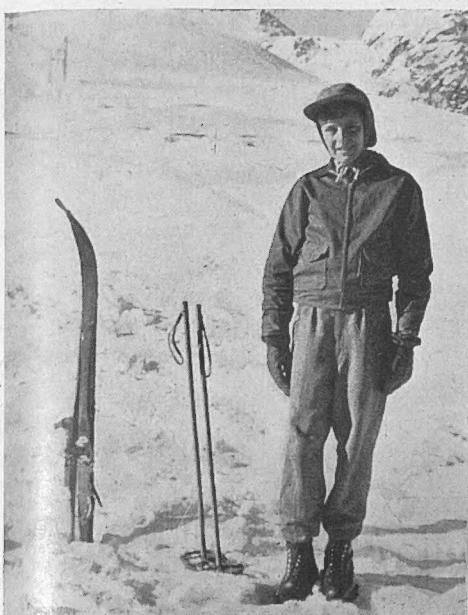
CECIL BEATON has designed a range of 1928 dresses for a revival of Maugham's brash comedy, *Our Betters*. That fabulous pre-slump age of the cloche hat and the beige uniform was surely the climax of a most unfortunate period in women's dress.

Marie Laurencin's adroitness, in her designs for the ballet, *Les Biches*, might invest the abominable fashions of the 'twenties with a certain satirical grace. But in the main they were the shapeless climax to nearly half a century of modish ineptitude.

After the brilliant fantasies of the Second Empire, dress-making went to pieces. You can ever hear the decadence in the names of the fashionable colours and materials. The Aurora, the Bird of Paradise, the Palisandre, the Navarino Smoke, the Aerophane and Ariel Balzarine of a century ago, turn fifty years later, into Congo, Yokohama, and Oxford and Cambridge Mixture. By 1914 it was ill-made slacks, by 1929, a sort of prison dress.

Clothes were just aquiring a certain poetry again, when Hitler came to spoil the party. . . .

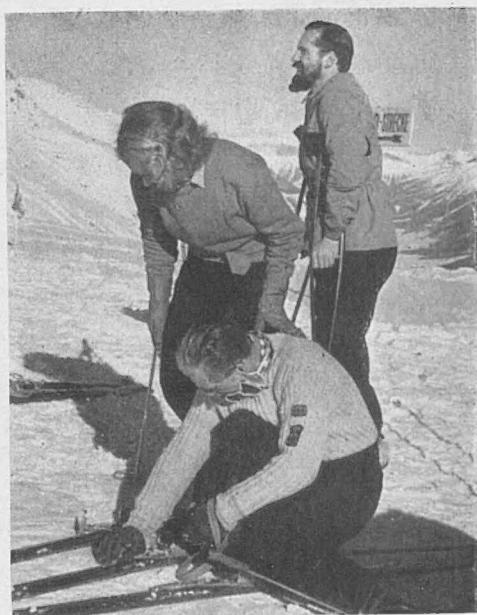
Winter Sports In Switzerland



The End of a Run: The young son of Lady Orr-Lewis who is back again in Europe after six years in Canada



A Winter Sleigh Ride: The Marquise Ada Mary de Cramayel, the English-born younger daughter of Sir John Latta



Preparing for a Downhill Run: Captain Bill Bracken and his wife, with Lieut.-Cdr. Nigel Cox who recently suffered a serious ski-ing accident



A Stiff Climb: Captain Philip Pratt with Mrs. Rita Alison, whose daughter is third secretary at the British Embassy in Paris



Leaving Corviglia Hut after Lunch: Prince Nicholas of Roumania, who is one of the best amateur skiers at St. Moritz



Taking Off on the Ski-lift: Major D. E. M. Mather, liaison A.D.C. to Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery, with his guide



A Rest in the Ski-ing Hut: Major Beddington-Behrens and Mlle Coco Chanel with their ski guide



Lunch on the Terrace: Mr. Sidney Beer, the conductor, Mrs. Sidney Beer, and Mr. Christopher Macintosh, the British ski-ing ace

JAMES AGATE

AT THE PICTURES

Odds and Ends

IAM persuaded that the most frightening programme the B.B.C. could devise, beginning and ending with Bartók and uglified with chunks of Berg and Bloch, would be found better fun by the wireless addict than a flesh-and-blood concert crammed with the world's acceptable masters. Heard melodies are sweet, but how much sweeter when they come out of a tin box! Equally the public adores anything which comes to it through a mechanical medium, and that is one of the pulls which the cinema will always have over the theatre.

BUT there is another and equally strong pull—the foreknowledge that from the film-goer not the most fractional bit of cerebration will be demanded. Let your attention wander in the theatre for five minutes and you feel that you have lost something; let it wander in the film, and it is comfortingly inconceivable that it would make any difference. The whole art of drama is to prepare the play-goer for something, show him that something, and from it deduce something; the whole art of the film consists in being able to entertain a spectator entering in the middle and sitting the programme round. The other day I wandered into a cinema because it was raining. I beheld a mother, painted and enamelled and pencilled and obviously a very naughty old rip, dash a glass of champagne from the hand of dewy innocence and bid a handsome scoundrel go out of her daughter's life for ever. At which the maiden crumpled up the older woman with a hefty crack on the jaw and made a bee-line for her lover's sumptuous flat. Whereupon, the harridan uncrumpled herself, sat up, and delivered herself of the sentiment that "the whirligig of time brings in his revenges," using, of course, the film equivalent. Then the film ended, and we had a strawberry-coloured organist, a Food Flash, some hints about turning Old Boots into Calves' Foot Jelly, Donald Duck, and the News. And then the screen showed me the old girl as a crinolined maid of eighteen being offered champagne by a side-whiskered swell of the period, and departing in a barouche for the halls of vice.

Well, that was exactly as it should be in a cinema. It was somebody in *Alice in Wonderland* who regretted that you couldn't have the punishment first and the pleasure afterwards. But at the films you can. In this blessed limbo the morning after has no difficulty in preceding the night before, which means that the nasty business of dying in the gutter can be got over in time to clear the way for the pleasures of seduction. Thus Nemesis is not only caught up but overtaken, cart rightly precedes horse, and the whirligig having finished with retribution leaves you to the untroubled enjoyment of riot.

UNFORTUNATELY, owing to circumstances over which not I but the telephone operators of this city have control, I was some twenty minutes late for *Two Years Before The Mast* (Carlton). This is a fine film showing how the American Merchant Seaman came by his Charter. If this had not been a Press show I should certainly have sat the programme round, if only on the chance of seeing another flogging. In my view there is not nearly enough of this in the world today. I should certainly flog the waiter who hands you your food with filthy paws, and the motorist who wilfully clutters up narrow streets by clumsy parking. Nor should I forget the women, particularly the female telephonist who won't answer because she is making up her face, pouring out tea, or enjoying a bit of scandal. Her I would have flogged by the dustman with lashes of velvet, after which I should shave her head, gum on a false beard, and plank her down before the instrument and say: "When it rings, answer!" In the meantime the picture for which four of these inattentive ladies made me twenty minutes late, is brilliantly acted by Howard da Silva as the sadistic captain, and not too well by everybody else.

MUCH has been made of the fact that in *The Last Chance* (Empire), actors of twelve different nationalities speak in twelve different languages. Of these I was able to identify English, American, French, Italian, German and Swiss Cottage, together with a few grunts

which I interpreted as Swedish and Czechoslovakian. As I happen to have some holding in all the foregoing, except the grunts, I found myself paying no attention to the captions. The film itself is a moving affair. Or rather, it would be a moving affair if one believed any of it. The story is about some escaping prisoners of war, and how they hamper their own escape with their efforts to help civilian refugees. Well, one cannot help seeing the director going round choosing refugees and taking care that each shall belong to a different nationality. The result is a sermon which, in the last quarter of an hour, doesn't pretend to be anything else. Very sincere, tremendously well-meant, and highly edifying. But, as a film, not a patch upon *All Quiet On The Western Front*. Which it is time somebody revived.

WHOM on earth ever gave Charles Laughton the notion that he is a light comedian? His performance in *Because of Him* (Leicester Square) is, to me, truly shocking. To watch Charles pretending to get fun out of pretending to be an actor reminds me of that charming verse:

Ah! who has seen the mailed lobster rise,
Clap her broad wings, and soaring claim the skies?

Or the young heifer plunge, with pliant limb,
In the salt wave and, fish-like, strive to swim?

And who, pray, ever gave Deanna Durbin the notion that she can act? Her performance as a school-girl who wants to go on the stage reminds me of another verse by the same poet:

First—to each living thing, whate'er its kind,
Some lot, some part, some station is assign'd.
The feathered race with pinions skim the air—
Not so the mackerel, and still less the bear.

The lot, part, and station assigned to Miss Durbin is to warble. Effortlessly, like an Australian, without any nonsense about voice production. Well, let her sing! But for heaven's sake let her not peer down the funnels of railway engines to detect what some spy is doing in the boiler, or wobble between marrying Laughton and loving Franchot Tone, or *vice versa*. Let her just sing. And let the people round about her do the acting!



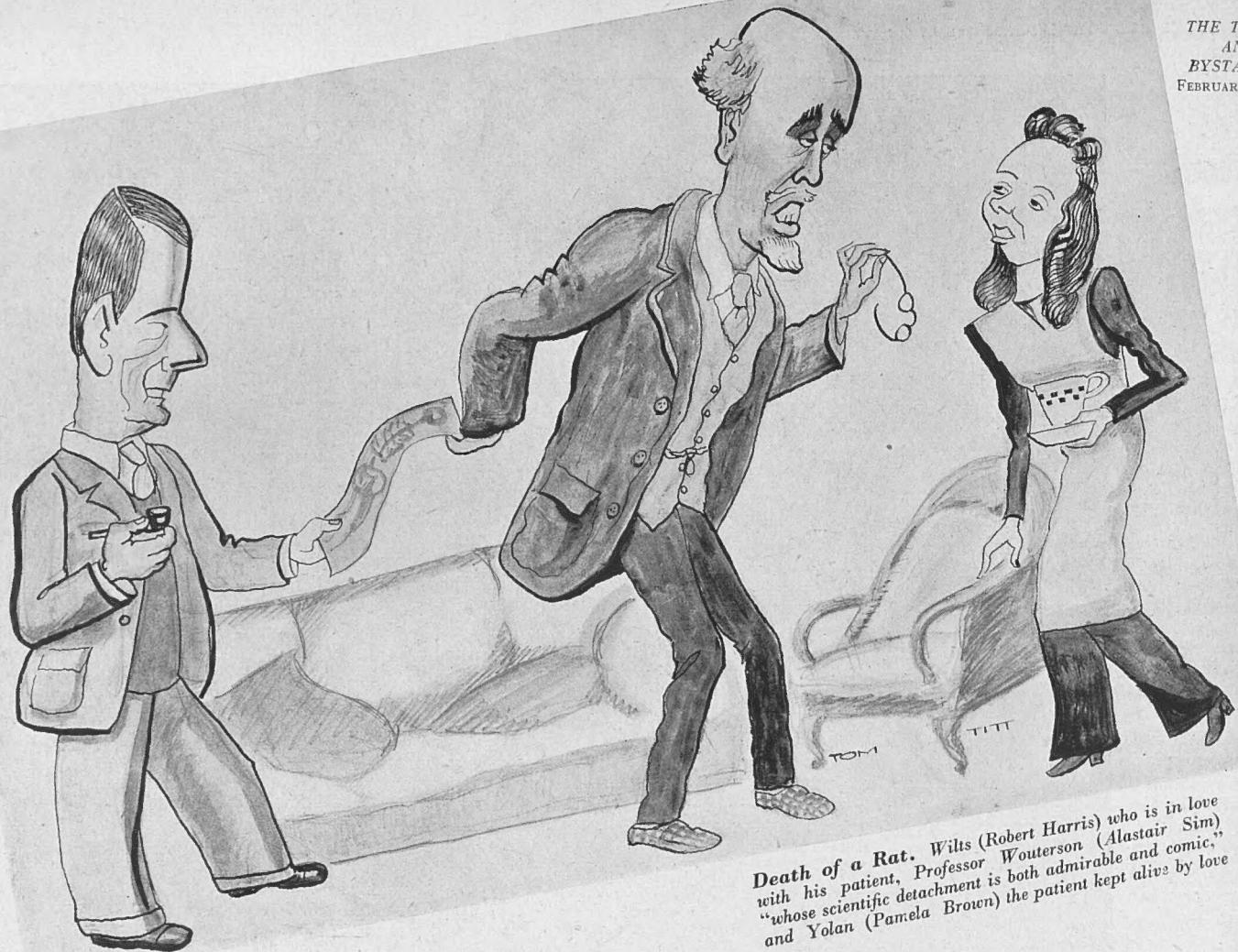
Francoise Rosay as a schoolmistress, an actress and a servant, in her new film, "A Woman Disappeared." She appeared in person at the Gala Premiere at the Academy, given in aid of the "Save the Children" Fund





Patricia Burke Has Her First Straight Role

Patricia Burke, who made such a success in *Lisbon Story*, and many other musical productions, has her first chance as a dramatic actress when she plays Terry Randall in *Stage Door*. The play, by Edna Ferber and George Kaufman, is to be presented by Firth Shephard at the Saville Theatre on February 21. After appearing in *Lisbon Story* Miss Burke said goodbye to London for a year and was abroad entertaining the troops in Italy and Burma, and while in Athens last May she married Group Captain Duncan MacDonald, D.S.O., A.F.C. Since her return to England she has made her first two films, *The Trojan Brothers*, with Bobby Howes, David Farrar and Barbara Mullen, and the film version of *Lisbon Story* where she plays the original part which she created in the play



Death of a Rat. Wilts (Robert Harris) who is in love with his patient, Professor Wouterson (Alastair Sim) "whose scientific detachment is both admirable and comic," and Yolan (Pamela Brown) the patient kept alive by love

The Theatre

"*Death of a Rat*" (Lyric, Hammersmith)

ACTORS are apt to be poor judges of a play, perhaps because to them naturally, the parts are greater than the whole, but it is astonishing what a good team can do on occasion to make gripping entertainment of a piece that muffs its points through clumsy and pretentious writing. Miss Pamela Brown, Mr. Alastair Sim and Mr. Robert Harris are such a team; *Death of a Rat* is such a play.

I am not sure that I understand even now the significance of the parallel which Mr. Jan de Hartog draws between the death of a laboratory rat, which, by keeping itself alive against all medical expectation had seemed to reveal a cure for cancer, and the death of the girl, who, living for love without lungs, had suggested to the professor that he was about to discover the nature of the human soul. Is the Dutch dramatist laughing sardonically at doctors, or at the soul, or at rats, or is he merely pointing out that doctors must press on with research, however disappointing the immediate results? I am inclined to lay odds on the latter guess, simply because the story of the girl and the rat is a story told by one doctor to another who, on the eve of the invasion of Holland, is tempted to abandon his post in the research laboratory and seek his own safety in flight. And the waverer draws courage from the story, even though its narrator has just poisoned himself by accident in the course of an experiment.

WHEN a play leaves as many questions as these to conjecture, it is not, as a rule, a

good play. Ibsen's strange last word, *When We Dead Awaken*, was a puzzle, and a famous contemporary critic, having failed to make head or tail of it, remarked with prudent humility, "Likely enough, when we stupid awaken, we shall find the queer, tough play a big thing, and even a clear one." But it was revived a few years ago and seemed as great a puzzle as ever. If *Death of a Rat* should be revived half a century hence, its incoherencies will, I surmise, be incoherencies still. They are not of the kind that come about through a dramatist refining his ideas out of all recognition; they are plainly there because he has not refined his ideas sufficiently to give them theatrical significance. Yet how beautifully Miss Brown, Mr. Sim and Mr. Harris steer their audience through the incoherencies and, by giving authentic tension to what is intelligible, make us feel that we really ought to know what it is all about!

FOR to all that is plain and simple in the play they contrive to give a strangely moving quality. Miss Brown and Mr. Harris, Bachelor of Astronomy and brilliant young doctor, are in love; but since her lungs are in the last stages of decay, no fulfilment of their love is to such passionate scientists thinkable. It remains for Mr. Sim, the eminent and delightfully absent-minded professor of medicine, to infer from the X-ray photographs that since the poor girl has no visible means of existence it must be some spiritual force deriving its strength from love which is keeping her alive.

This is the nearest that medical science has yet come to an apprehension of the soul. He keeps her under fondly avuncular observation as his housekeeper and reminds his still fonder colleague from time to time of his duty to science. The girl rewards his diagnosis handsomely, up to a point. Not only does she live without lungs, but she slips on to the astral plane and has prophetic visions. She foresees the atom bomb and she also foresees that the old Jewish professor will be hanged by the Nazis—both of which visions afford the professor selfless scientific delight. The two doctors are in rip-roaring luck. The persistent vitality of a rat injected with virus leads them to hope frenziedly that they are likely to bring down with a sharp left and right the cure for cancer and proof of the soul. But the rat dies (how excitingly the actors render its last few moments!) and the overwrought young doctor kisses the girl, whereupon she, too, dies. The old professor is left ruefully meditating the last-minute hazards of science. Miss Brown treats the doomed girl as though she were a figure of genuine tragedy, making the audience feel the workings of an intense secluded emotionalism; Mr. Sim makes the professor's absent-mindedness as freshly individual as though he were first, not last, in the long line of absent-minded professors and endows him, moreover, with a fine integrity of character; and Mr. Harris keeps the relation between the young doctor and the heroine magnificently taut. What triumphs of efficiency!

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Fred Emney, who is at present playing that endearing character Sir Frederick Bolsover in "Big Boy," at the Saville Theatre, finds himself equally popular with two cheerful members of the younger generation



Betty Paul and Vic Oliver were in good form. Vic Oliver is starring in that colourful and witty revue, "The Night and the Music," at the Coliseum

Theatrical Wedding

Bernard Delfont—Carole Lynne



The bride and bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Delfont, during the reception, which was held at the May Fair. Mr. Delfont is the theatrical impresario and his wife is Carole Lynne, the musical comedy and film actress



Richard Hearne, who looks almost a stranger without that familiar snowy hair and moustache, was at the wedding with his wife. He is the fantastically energetic and humorous partner of Fred Emney in "Big Boy"



Sir Alan Herbert with C. B. Cochran (seated). Sir Alan is at present very busy guiding the stage designers in the House of Commons scene in his light operetta "Big Ben," presented by Mr. Cochran

JENNIFER WRITES

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

PRINCE CHARLES OF BELGIUM HERE

PRINCE CHARLES OF BELGIUM, over here briefly on private and official business, thoroughly enjoyed his week-end at Sandringham. It was in all ways a relaxation for him—he enjoyed the pleasant family atmosphere of the King's Norfolk home, as well as the opportunity to see the latest films, which are seen regularly twice a week by Their Majesties and the household officials and servants in Sandringham's private cinema.

Forty-two years old, somewhat burdened at the present time with the cares of State in his position as Regent, Prince Charles does not look his age. His hair is still thick and fair, and his general appearance that of a much younger man.

With his aide-de-camp, M. de Staerke, who travelled over with him from Brussels, the Prince saw a number of old friends in London. He was sorry not to be able to stay longer in this country, and said he hoped to return to London later in the year for a longer holiday, if political events in Belgium allowed.

The Prince's host was the tall, courtly, grey-moustached diplomat, Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, doyen of the Corps Diplomatique and Belgium's Ambassador at St. James's.

It is no secret that his advice, sage and worldly, is very highly valued by both Prince Charles himself and by the most responsible politicians in Belgium.

ADMIRALS AT OXFORD

No fewer than eighteen Admirals arrived at Rhodes Hall on Oxford's first naval occasion.

They had come to meet professors, dons, graduates and undergraduates, and to hear Rear-Admiral Dickson, who, as the Chief of Naval Information, has the somewhat contradictory-sounding title of head of the "publicity" branch of the Silent Service.

Each of the Admirals was individually entertained to dinner and for the night at different colleges, which vied with one another in the excellence of rare vintages from their cellars.

NOT SINCE HENRY III.

THIS was the first time since the reign of Henry III. that Oxford has had any direct connection with the Royal Navy. At the end of the last war, young officers went to finish their studies at Cambridge—the studies begun so many years before peacefully at Dartmouth, as many flag officers serving to-day well remember.

Among the Navy's gathering at Oxford were Admiral Sir Percy Noble, Admiral Sir Max Horton, Admiral Sir Charles Kennedy-Purvis, Deputy First Sea Lord; Rear-Admiral Charles Lambe, who used to be Equerry to His Majesty and is now one of the Navy's leading air experts; Vice-Admiral Sir Neville Syfret, Vice-Admiral Sir Denis Boyd, Vice-Admiral Henry Rawlings and Admiral Sir Geoffrey Layton.

Two Admirals of the Fleet, Sir James Somerville and Sir John Tovey, were unhappily absent—they had succumbed to very bad colds.

SOVIET THEATRE EXHIBITION

MME. GUSEV, wife of the Soviet Ambassador in London, opened the very interesting Soviet Theatre Exhibition which is being given at Dorland House under the auspices of the Society for Cultural Relations with U.S.S.R.

Mme. Gusev, who was received by Dame Edith Evans, president of the new theatre section of the Society, made a long speech in English and told us how much the theatre meant in Russia, where it is considered a vital necessity, and not a luxury, as it is in this country. There are hundreds of theatres all over the country, always playing to capacity.

She went on to say how popular our own Shakespeare is in Russia when translated into Russian.

The Exhibition, which is the first of its kind, shows the Russian approach to the theatre in all its aspects, from the rich productions of the famous Moscow and Leningrad theatres of drama, opera and ballet, to the special theatres for children.

Among those at the opening to hear Mme. Gusev speak were M. Leontic, the Yugoslav Ambassador, with one of the Yugoslav delegates

to U.N.O.; Dame Irene Vanbrugh, Mr. Robert Donat, Miss Dorothy Hyson, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Lady Geoffrey Mander, Lord Lisztow and the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL

ORD ILIFFE presided recently at a luncheon given by the Governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre to discuss the plans for the forthcoming season which opens at Stratford-on-Avon on April 20th with *The Tempest*. Sir Barry Jackson, who has been appointed Director at the theatre, made an excellent speech, saying, among other things, that a feature of the season is that all the plays, which include *Cymbeline*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Macbeth*, *As You Like It*, *Henry V.*, *Dr. Faustus* and *Measure for Measure*, are to be produced by different people.

The most interesting of these is Mr. Frank MacMullan, an American from Yale, who has been granted permission by the President of Yale University to come over and produce *Measure for Measure* at Stratford-on-Avon. After speeches by Lord Iliffe and Sir Barry Jackson, Mrs. Lloyd read a speech prepared by her brother, Lt.-Col. Fordham Flower, one of the Governors, who was in bed with influenza.

Then Lord Iliffe asked if anyone would like to ask any questions, and amongst those who got up to do so were Mr. James Agate, Mr. Beverley Baxter and Mr. Sydney Carroll.

Mr. Agate raised many laughs by his questions and remarks, while Mr. Baxter and Mr. Carroll had very different views on the necessity of having actors and actresses with a big name in the company.

There is a possibility that the company may go abroad on tour at the end of the Festival, as invitations have been received to tour in America, Canada, South Africa and Australia.

Valerie Taylor, who has joined the company and is to play the lead in *Macbeth* and *Cymbeline*, was at the lunch.

She told me this is the first time she has ever played Shakespeare, although when she was very young she won first prize in a competition for a Shakespearean actress, but not until now has she followed it up!



Two Recent Weddings Which Took Place in London

Married recently were Viscount Harcourt and Mrs. Gibbs. Mrs. Gibbs is the widow of Mr. Lionel Gibbs and a daughter of Sir Harold Snagge and Inez Lady Snagge. Lord Harcourt, who is the second Viscount, succeeded his father in 1922.



Lt.-Col. Lord Grenfell, son of the late Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, married Miss Irene Lilian Cartwright, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. G. Cartwright, of Buenos Aires, Argentina.



Mme. De Aragao, His Excellency L. M. De Souza Dantas,
head of the Brazilian Delegation; and M. Marcel, Secretary
to the Brazilian Delegation

Lady Jowitt, Sir William Jowitt, Mme. De Aragao and His Excellency
M. J. J. Moniz De Aragao, the Brazilian Ambassador

Brazilian Delegation Reception to U.N.O.

A Brilliant International Gathering at Claridge's, Where the Brazilian Delegation Gave a Reception to Meet the Other Delegates to U.N.O. and Their Wives



His Excellency M. de Freitas-Valle, the Brazilian Ambassador to Canada,
Mr. Frank Walker, U.S.A., and Mrs. Roosevelt



Mr. Vishinsky, the Russian delegate, with
Preen Hackworth, U.S.A.



Emir Feisal of Iraq and Hugo Gouthier
talking to Mrs. Vanderlipp, from U.S.A.



Family Group in the Garden

Master Sammie Gathorne-Hardy, Lady Juliet Gathorne-Hardy, the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Gathorne-Hardy, the Countess of Cranbrook, Lady Sophie Gathorne-Hardy, Lord Medway, Lady Christina Gathorne-Hardy, Master Jonathan Gathorne-Hardy and the Hon. Hugh Gathorne-Hardy



Lord Medway, Lady Sophie Gathorne-Hardy and the Labrador

Country Families

Two Suffolk Families at Home

Lord and Lady Cranbrook's children in the gardens of Great Glemham, near Saxmundham, and Miss Jill Pretyman, with her parents Major and the Hon. Mrs. Pretyman



Master Jonathan and Master Sammie Gathorne-Hardy, children of Lord Cranbrook's brother, the Hon. Anthony Gathorne-Hardy



The Lady Juliet Gathorne-Hardy, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Cranbrook



Family on Horseback

Another Suffolk family at home: the Hon. Mrs. Pretyman, Major Pretyman, Miss Jill Pretyman and her cousin, Master Peel, in the grounds of Orwells Park House, Ipswich

Photographs by J. B. Charlesworth



Mrs. Peel, the sister of Major Pretyman, with the Hon. Camilla Pretyman and their two children, Miss Jill Pretyman and Master Peel



Miss Jill Pretyman, only daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Pretyman



Charles Henique, who has sold books to the Sorbonne students for fifty-three years

FULL HOUSE AT THE SORBONNE

SORBONNE UNIVERSITY, established in the thirteenth century, still maintains the highest scholastic standards in the world.

During the occupation of France the Germans allowed the Sorbonne to carry on classes, and did not stop English classes. They did, however, bar the works of any Jewish writers, and also destroyed a number of valuable text-books, including the works of the French philosopher Bergson.

At the present moment, taking a course at the Sorbonne involves a great deal of physical stamina. There are not enough books to go round, not enough desks, and no ventilation other than that provided by the students themselves. They pump fresh air into the building

with bicycle pumps, working on shifts all through the night.

The food at the University is very bad and most students are having to deal with an acute clothing shortage. Many of the young men are still wearing their French Army uniforms.

Their leisure is occupied in scouring the Left Bank to try to find some of the text-books they so badly need.

In spite of all these difficulties, class-rooms are crowded and none of the young men and girls seem to worry overmuch about the hardships surrounding their studies: they study incessantly for that crown of scholarship—a degree from the Sorbonne.

The present fees at the Sorbonne are

5000 francs a month, but this money is enough to cover the present university life, as there is little or no social life.

What there is, is concentrated in the air-raid shelter, where those studying music entertain their fellows. The air-raid shelter, besides being the centre of what social life there is, also has the distinction of being the only place in the University where there is running hot water.

There is only one-fifth enough paper available to supply the needs of the students—and books are only pamphlets.

Who, from the present generation, fighting so hard at the Sorbonne for learning, will emerge as our future Voltaires, Pasteurs, Bergsons or Mmes. Curie?

Sorbonne classes are full again with students from all over the world flocking to get into the class-rooms. Acute paper shortage means few and shared text-books, but the Sorbonne degree is still prized by youth above that of any other university in the world



Jacob Moyal, studying music at the Sorbonne, plays the violin to his fellow-students



Yvonne Vallet and Odette Lemertier share a text-book



A Sorbonne class hard at work, even though there are not enough desks to go round



Sorbonne students search for text-books on the Left Bank



Mme. Olesia Scienkiewicz is a young Frenchwoman of Polish origin who has been prominent in war work during the occupation and liberation of Paris. She ran a home for unmarried mothers and their war babies at Neuilly



Simone Simon, the young French film-star who has starred in several American films, has returned to Paris after an absence of five years. Anxious to do some sight-seeing, she enjoyed viewing her city from the box-seat of a horse-cab, as taxis were non-existent



Mme. Germaine Charley is a French actress who has a fine Resistance record. She is now appearing in M. Pierre Brive's amusing comedy "La Famille Schéhérazade," and is also often heard on the air

PRISCILLA in PARIS

"If we may believe our logicians,
man is distinguished from all other
creatures by the faculty of laughter"

Addison

A FEW weeks ago I rather spread myself on this page over a description of a revue rehearsal at the Théâtre Pigalle. The letter, however, went astray in the Christmas rush, and I felt somewhat foolish when I met pals of the Show Business and various other Pen-Pushers who, also, had been present. As it happens, I now have the laughter—slightly rueful laughter!—on my side. The production has been postponed so often that the news would be as stale as the Occupation biscuits that certain evil bakers overstocked at the time, and are still trying to work-off on their all-too-patient customers. The Théâtre Pigalle is entirely worked by electricity, from the revolving stage and the lifts that raise or lower the stage-level (wholly or partially as required), to the sewing-machines that turn out the costumes for the chorus and the curling-tongs of the hairdresser's department. One can imagine, therefore, the delay caused by the electricity restrictions and the necessity of having to drill gangs of scene-shifters to do the work that, normally, can be done by the pressing of a button.

Meanwhile, an unpretentious curate's-egg-like show has been produced at the Alhambra. It bears a title dear to the heart of the old Parisian : *De la Madeleine à la Bastille*. In the dear, dull days of yore there was a horse-bus that ran from the Madeleine to the Bastille, taking the grands boulevards in its stride. Ye loaves and little fishes, what food for the Revuits! They have certainly made the most of their *maitière première*; from Rainbow Corner and the W.A.C.S. at the Madeleine to the Café Anglais, it's "grand 16" and it's *cocottes* . . . all due distances regarded; but in the darkness of the auditorium I indulged in a private revue of my own. The Alhambra of to-day, with its severe, modern and rather drab décor, vanished and again I sat in the red plush, gilt caryatidic splendour of the old Alhambra when Harry Fragon, by request of the *Entente Cordiale* audience of those days, sang "Billy Brown of London," and Alice Delysia, to whom he was then married, stood in the wings with a shawl and a boiling hot grog au rhum for his cold;

when Little Tich—"lubriquement hilare," to quote Jean Lorrain—delighted a packed house, in the front row of which sat Lucien Guiry, who never missed seeing that great little clown every time he appeared in Paris. It was at the Old Alhambra that I first saw Bagassen, the plate-breaker who never smiled, and, later, Grock, the greatest clown of them all.

Biarritz Season

A FRIEND writes me from Biarritz that they are enjoying an out-of-season season at this town that France has named "Queen of the Emerald Coast," owing to the fact that the American University has opened its doors to French and English students who are still in uniform. Youths of other nations are also to be invited in the near future, and the length of their stay will be of three months. We had heard something about this from Professor Silbermann, of the U.S. Buffalo University, when he lectured in Paris on "Anguish in Literature," and it is good news that the plan has materialised and is working well. The only hope of lasting universal peace—lasting a few years anyway!—lies in a better understanding between the young people of all nations (the old 'uns being too set and too insular in their ways). Thanks to all these youngsters, Biarritz is emerging from the Slough of Despond in which it has wallowed since Occupation, and there are moments when things seem almost pre-war; especially at the Chiberta Golf Club. I doubt, however, whether one gets the marvellous chocolate for which Biarritz—and Bayonne—were famous in the old days, served Spanish fashion, thickish and slightly bitter, well-whipped before it was poured out of the pot and crowned with a dollop of whipped cream. But I seem to be dwelling over-fondly in the past. This is a habit that grows upon one with the years, and quite an excellent habit, if one's past is not "an empty shrine," so long as one keeps it to oneself. The present day is pleasant enough if one knows how to make the best of things, and though we cannot laugh and grow fat on the food they give us, we can at least laugh, and do so at almost every move made by our Gentlemen of the *Constituante* !

Maisons Closes

HOUSE- and flat-hunters here are vastly amused at the confirmation of the news that, in a few weeks, certain houses of . . . ill-repute—to use the usual cliché—are to be put out of business and thrown on the market for would-be tenants. "When they close the *Maisons Closes*" would be quite a good title for either a slow waltz-song for Lucienne Boyer or a *chanson réaliste* for Edith Piaf. Strange mentality, that of our Law Makers. One would imagine that if there is one business in the whole universe where there can be no Black Market, this is it! It is to the intermediary that we owe the Black Market, and surely in the Oldest Trade in the World the customer is served direct! The *chansonniers* and revuists find this topic an inexhaustible source of inspiration for their stories and vers., but I fear they can hardly be recounted in the chaste pages of what Miss Rose Macaulay once called "The glossier of our weekly papers."

Voilà!

At a recent dance a famous aviator, who had been invited on account of his brilliant war record, became rather bored by the silly questions that were put to him. When for the hundredth time he was asked by the pretty creature he held in his arms: "Were you never scared?" he answered: "Well, don't tell anyone, but, in '43, when I baled out over Paris, I really was terrified. . . ." "Tell me all about it, you poor dear," gushed the Sweet Thing. "Well, I landed bang in the middle of St. Cloud Park and the first thing I saw . . ." "Oh, do go on," she sighed swooningly. ". . . was: 'Keep off the Grass'!"

Actresses Whose Names Make News



Betty Astell, who is playing opposite her husband, Cyril Fletcher, in "Mother Goose" at the Wimbledon Theatre



A new picture of Jeanne Stuart, who is playing in "Under the Counter" at the Phoenix

Photographs by
Alexander Bender,
Swaebe and Vivien



Angela Baddeley, who is taking the part of Norah in "A Doll's House," now at the Winter Garden Theatre



Flora Robson—on tour in "A Man About the House," dramatisation of Brett Young's novel, before the play comes to London

"Pygmalion" Revival in New York

Gertrude Lawrence, Playing Her First Classical Part as Eliza Doolittle in Shaw's "Pygmalion" at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, New York, Has Achieved Great Triumph on Broadway



Higgins: "You see this creature with her kerbstone English—well—"



Eliza: "Let's see 'ow farst yer ken make 'er 'op it.
Ta-ta, Freddy!"



Higgins: "Eliza, you are to live here for the
next six months"

Gertrude Lawrence, happily reunited with her husband, Richard Aldrich, now he has been released from the U.S. Navy, is playing to packed houses on Broadway in a revival of Shaw's *Pygmalion*.

Scheduled to run at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre for eight weeks from December 26, the response to the play has been so great that the engagement has been extended to March 23.

Pygmalion was originally presented in the United States by Mrs. Patrick Campbell in 1914, and there has been no major revival since Lynn Fontanne played Eliza Doolittle for the Theatre Guild in 1926.

The play is staged by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, with settings by Donald Oenslager and costumes by Motley. Raymond Massey is playing Professor Higgins.

New York dramatic critics give Miss Lawrence nothing but fulsome praise for her rendering of the part. She is funny, she shows heart and tenderness and grace; she is pitiable, she is gallant and she is beautiful, are only a few of the many praises the critics have showered upon her.

Miss Lawrence herself is delighted and is happy to have found so different a role to follow *Lady in the Dark*. She has no immediate plans, but is hoping to give her interpretation of Eliza in London—probably next season.

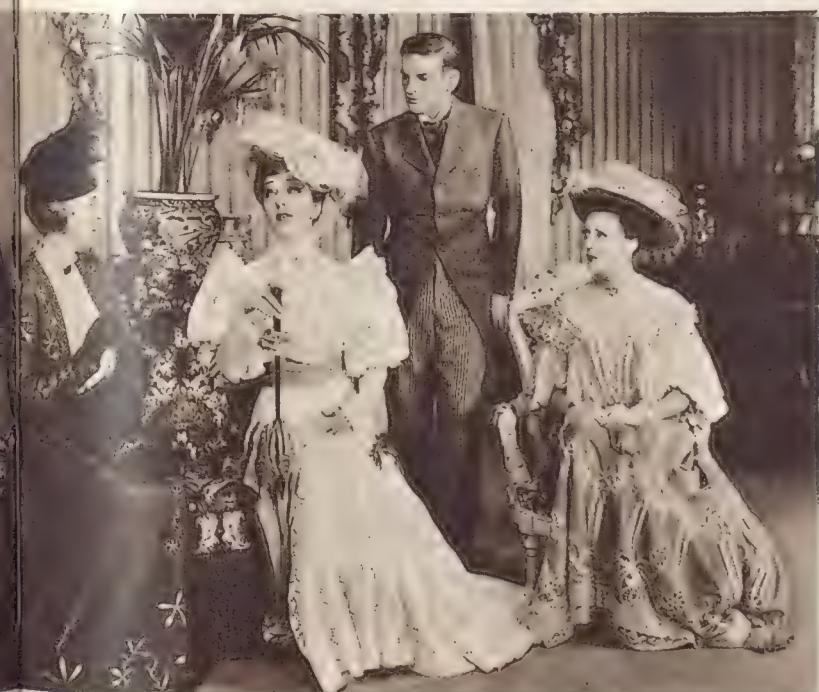
Photographs by Vandamm



Eliza : " Wot else would I want money for ? To put in the plate in church ? "



Eliza : " Aaaowh "
Higgins : " Victory ! Victory ! "



Eliza : " It 's my belief that they done the old woman in "



Higgins : " Would the world ever have been made if its Maker had been afraid of making trouble ? "



By "Sabretache"

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

When, Where and How!

We now know when and where, thanks to the fixture list, and Sir Reginald Blair, Chairman of the Race-Course Betting Control Board, has given us a bit of encouragement as to the other problem by announcing that, so far as his organisation is concerned, there is a sum of £200,000 available for distribution, of which £66,000 is ear-marked for owners' costs and prize-money, additional to any other crumbs of comfort from any other sources. The Lincoln is fixed for April 3rd; the N.H.C. has dated the National for Friday, April 5th; the Two Thousand has May 1st; the One Thousand, May 3rd; the Derby, June 5th and the Oaks, June 7th. Ascot is back with us, though only as to three days, June 18th, 19th and 20th, and even though grey hats, and white hats for the excessively natty, are not promised, no one seems to mind.

Cot

UCH as those who know him will regret the retirement of Sir Arthur Erskine, a most worthy successor to Sir Gordon Carter as Clerk of the Course and Secretary to the Ascot authority, it will be equally well realised that Major J. C. Bulteel an Amurath in every way fitting has been found. Like his father, who had that grand old Manifesto, Major Bulteel grown up with racing and hunting, as, indeed, did Sir Gordon Carter. Perhaps next year, when the new Clerk of the Course will be firmly in the saddle, Sir Arthur Erskine not retiring till the autumn, we may have forgotten how to spell that unpleasant word "austerity"; but even if grey hats are not back, who cares? In any case, they used not to be everybody's doing, and suited some people just as little as did the cocked hats, small black riding wigs, scarlet coats, knee breeches and stockings, quizzing glasses, muffs and cloudy amber-topped canes, which the Blades of the days of the Royal Cavalry of Ascot and Tregonwell Frampton had to wear. As to our present austerity, there is not really much cause for worrying, because, as no doubt will have been noted, the flood-gates are to be opened where stockings, nylon, fully-fashioned, ladies', are concerned, and, presumably, this must mean something, even if part of it is worse than Greek to many a virtuous man, notwithstanding the fact that he may have a fairly good working idea as to what a fully-fashioned lady is. So let us not be downcast!

Kadir and Paper Chase Cups

THIS note is in answer to several correspondents who asked whether these two contests will be run this year. I have no information, but I should say that it was very doubtful where the Kadir is concerned, but just possible about the other. How long either of them, and a good many other famous and historic fixtures, will survive under the new conditions is problematical. The Indian Inter-Regimental Polo Cup I should think is doubtful, though the Championship may carry on, since polo has ever been the game of sahibs and rajahs, and the latter may elect to continue to fight it out amongst themselves. Regimental sides, however, are bound to fade away. Horsed cavalry has ceased to exist. In answer to another question as to whether anyone has ever won both the Kadir and Paper Chase Cups, the answer is "Yes": Mr. W. O. Rees the former in 1886, on a country-bred entire named Jack, and the latter in 1891 on Charity, in 1892 on Kettledrum, and in 1894 on The Drummer. Mr. Rees was, I think, of Swiss extraction; he had a strong vulgar seat, no fear and no hands. He rode a pretty good race between the flags, was a very good amateur boxer and as hard as nails. However, all these, and many other pleasant entertainments which we used to know in Hindustan, are bound to vanish. We shall never again, for instance, come across a resurrection of that favourite House of Call with

visiting polo teams for the I.P.A. Championship in Calcutta, "Chastity Chase." The managing director was a specialist in elephant-catching, and the notice on the gates said: "Visiting Hours for Out-Patients, 12 a.m. to 12 p.m.: 12 p.m. to 12 a.m." It was a most hospitable spot, with a big range of stables of very few rooms.

Dope

SOMEONE who is a more recently returned pilgrim from the Cauldron of the East than are most of us, has suggested, after reading a recent paragraph in these notes, that this very virulent outburst of doping in Western India may be linked up with a general attack on racing, evidence of which may be said to be to hand in this Press fusillade opened upon H.H. the Aga Khan and his brother racing nobleman, H.H. the Gaekwar of Baroda. So far as anyone can gather, the Aga Khan is accused of starting the Gaekwar upon the downward path to perdition by encouraging him to indulge in extensive bloodstock breeding operations in India. There used not to be much scope for large-scale operations in that country in the days when I knew it pretty well, though they did produce a good class of country-bred quite often. Few of them ever managed to hold their own with the imported article from England or Australia. In the scale of weights the C.B.s got a big advantage in terms races, and this was naturally reflected in all handicaps. I believe things have advanced in most recent times, but by and large India is not a racing bloodstock breeding-ground. The grass lacks so many of the big essentials. I take it, therefore, that the attack upon these two Indian noblemen, both of whom are so well known on the English Turf, must have some special incentive behind it.

An Amusing Case

MY returned Pilgrim reminds me of another doping case, which was quite as entertaining as the one which was herein recorded when the victim bolted the wrong way round the course. I remember it now very well, having been on the premises at the time. Dope is used either to make an animal go faster or go slower, and, obviously, the wicked ought to find out which is which and what is what before embarking upon their adventure. In this particular case crass ignorance caused the operator to administer a violent stimulant, when all the time he wanted the very reverse; for the horse was so much above the class in which he was entered that unless something very drastic were done, he could fall down three times and still win. The malefactor, who was to ride him, had been given the most explicit orders as to by how much he was to lose, but this dope, so it was fondly believed, would relieve him of all anxiety. Horror and surprise assailed the wicked man, who thought that he had given the horse enough narcotic to cause him to dream until the mid-summer after next, when inside the distance he heard an agonised yell: "Look out, boys, I can't hold him!" and leppin' out of the ruck came the highly-charged courser. If it had ended there all might have been well; but it didn't. So vexed was the owner-trainer that, as he led the winner in, he let fly such a searing stream of lava at the jockey that the Stewards requested his presence before them after the last race on a charge of offending the public ear. At that time there happened to be a steward on the august body who was very susceptible to thirst. He was told that he was wanted to sit on some case or other, and he duly arrived in the Judgment Hall in ample time, and solaced the waiting minutes with something sizzling in a long glass. The accused arrived very shortly after him. "What the (some suitable words) do you want here, you (more suitable words)?" yelled the steward. "Please, your honour," replied the miscreant, "Oi'm here for usin' abusuv' langwidge!"



Pat Donoghue in Training

Pat Donoghue, son of "Steve," is now training at Bleubury, in Berkshire, where his father trained so many winners. He is leading his stable's hope for the Lincoln, Castle Blarney



In Training in Ireland

Mrs. Maura Rowe, of Co. Mayo, Eire, with her horse Lough Conn, who will run in the Grand National at Aintree in April. A keen sports-woman, Mrs. Rowe is the wife of Mr. P. Rowe, Master of the North Mayo Harriers



Coursing Meeting in Oxfordshire

Mr. Jack P. Young, Lady Ashton of Hyde and Capt. K. L. Storey at the Oxfordshire Private Coursing Club's meeting at Ditchley Park, Enstone, of which the Duke of Marlborough is President. Lady Ashton is holding Legal Star

Hunting in Ireland

The United Hunt Meet at Watergrasshill, Co. Cork



Mr. J. D. Sheedy, the hon. secretary to the United Hunt, with Mr. R. J. Mulcahy, Master of the West Waterford Hunt



Miss Muir (left), her sister, Mrs. Williams, with Capt. Evan Williams and Mr. David Barry, hon. whip to the United Hunt



Mr. F. P. Hallinan, the Master, and Capt. Wellesley-Wesley, who was Joint-Master with Major A. H. Watt from 1931 to 1932. The United Hunt was founded as far back as 1825, and is essentially a bank country



Mrs. F. Mahony, Mrs. Dyer, Mrs. Flower and Mr. J. F. Dyer, who was a Master of the United Hunt during the 1920's



Mr. G. Briscoe, Joint-Master of the Tata Harriers, who came over from Navan for the meet; Miss Dyer, who is a keen follower of the United Hunt, and Miss Murphy

• The United Hunt met at Watergrasshill, Co. Cork, recently prior to their Hunt Ball, which was on the same night; and a very wet morning greeted many visitors who had come over from all parts of the country for a run with this Co. Cork pack. Among the followers were Capt. Williams, who rode Royal Mail to win the Grand National in 1937, and his wife

Photographs by Frank O'Brien, Fermoy

The Buccaneers Cricket Club Give a Dinner at Lord's



W. V. H. Levett, English wicket-keeper, Jack Hobbs, Col. J. G. W. Davies, Cambridge Cricket Blue, who played for England last year, A. Ratcliffe, only Cambridge Blue to score a double century in a Varsity Match, and L. B. Fishlock

Photographs by Swaebe



*H. F. Benka, Middlesex, and B. D. Carris,
Cambridge Double Blue*



*H. D. G. Leveson Gower, President of the
Buccaneers Cricket Club, with Sir Pelham
Warner. Sir Pelham has been asked to write
the history of Lord's*



*N. J. D. Moffat, Middlesex, Lt.-Col. E. H. Tattersall, D.S.O., W. B. Franklin,
old Cambridge Blue, and Clifford Bax, the playwright, whose new play, "Golden
Eagle," had its first night at the Westminster Theatre on January 29th*



*G. W. Moore, the Hon. Secretary, and the
Hon. Treasurer, W. G. Goodliffe, the old
Dulwich Hamlet footballer*

ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing BOOKS

London

WITH *The Siege of London* (Dent; 12s. 6d.), Robert Henrey gives us the third of a magical trilogy. First came *A Village in Piccadilly*; then, *The Incredible City*—I cannot suppose that readers will have forgotten either. This third book, I think, is the best of all: the most concentrated and the most poignant. I call the trilogy magical because it achieves something more than sheer good writing, observation and sensibility can account for—it captures the very air of wartime London. Air (I mean, the element) is almost impossible to describe—it is breathed in, it fills one's being and colours one's whole mood; its intoxication, when it is intoxicating, is so strongly felt that it creates intimacy even between strangers. One says of close friends or lovers that "they breathed the same air"—and perhaps they, only, know what that particular air is.

In the same sense, all London-lovers who stayed in London throughout these last years have breathed the same air. It has been an unaccountable factor in every experience. "What is London like, these days?" friends at a distance asked; and every answer one gave, every picture one attempted to paint, seemed to oneself, somehow, unsatisfactory, falsifying, out of the true proportion. The fact was that wartime London was "like" nothing else—she had air, light, proportions of her own. The things that mattered and that did not matter must, to the rational outsider, seem so extraordinary. To try to convey what one did mean meant the search for a language.

Such a language Mr. Henrey has found, or, perhaps, is happily formed to speak. His system of notation is quite his own. The 1940-45 London of his trilogy is, somehow, so much nearer the psychic mark than the London of the so many more thorough, careful, documented accounts we have had. He accents nothing; his manner is apparently flitting and discontinuous. Yet, under his touch, slight incidents bear the weight of a world of feeling, elusive moments become immortal, and continuity, like a deep-down current, knits up moment and moment, scene and scene, face and face.

From Year to Year

IN London, each year of the war was as unlike the other war years as are the different seasons to one another. Different developments of the war, bad news, good news, reflected themselves so strongly that no two Junes or

Septembers (for instance) seemed to have much in common. Mr. Henrey's vivid, reflective writing registers each emotional change. *The Siege of London* takes up where its predecessor, *The Incredible City*, stopped; and though the ground it covers is geographically the same, everything else is different: we are in a further phase of experience; everything has advanced. Characters met before (most notably, the Lavoisier family) reappear, but their fates have taken another turning. In the parks, the grass has worn a little thinner. After the mid-war immunity, air raids have begun again, and the reaction to them is totally different from the reaction to the 1940-41 blitz.

Mr. Henrey still writes from that light-coloured, towering block of flats that (as he says), like a huge docked liner, overtops the low roofs of Shepherd's Market. Soho (of which he gave us an inside picture in his intervening novel, *The Foolish Decade*) Piccadilly, the parks, with their birds and bands and people, and the riverside, are still his favourite haunts. The block of flats, with its personnel, residents and visitors and Market neighbours, is, as before, a microcosm of the world. In a delightful passage he shows the block's *inside* similarity to a liner—we have the long lit passages, the fellow-passenger feeling between the dwellers at times of stress, the engine-room depths, the flag flown.

Climax

ALL through *The Siege of London* a crescendo is felt. Indeed, the just more than a year chronicled here—February 1944 to April 1945—is, as the war's climax, really the supreme test of a London chronicler. First, we have the mounting tension of the pre-D-Day months; the everywhere palpable but mute and utterly secret preparations for the Invasion. Then, D-Day; followed by the (as it appeared) military emptying of London; and the extraordinary sensation, throughout the City, of a great bolt shot. Then the V-1s—and never, in any book I have read, have I found those drizzling, overcast summer months, with their sinister droning skies, better rendered. To this, the Saturday in the Kentish country house is a sunny preliminary, or overture. Then, the reverberations of the liberation of Paris; the lift of the black-out; the drop in spirits after Arnhem; the relentless succession of the V-2s to the V-1s. The cold and anxious Christmas of the German break-through; the lights in the Abbey, the obsessing vision of the Ardennes. . . . The crossing of the Rhine; and the departure—



Earl Haig is among the many ex-Service men and women who are now taking advantage of the L.C.C. facilities to learn various arts and crafts to fit them for a career. Earl Haig, who served in the Scots Greys during the war and was a prisoner of war for three years, is here at work on a landscape painting

with which the book movingly closes—of one of the first boat-trains from Victoria, with, once more, civilian passengers to France.

In the Lavoisiers' tragedy and courage is incorporated the spirit of French resistance. Pitched on a gentler, but no less intimate, note is a variety of incident all through. In this book the author's son, delicious and imperturbable child of besieged London, is, like the city, a year older. Again, through rifts in the texture of the present we have gleams from the past—indeed, did the Londoner ever feel the past more strongly than in these years? Interknit, for instance, with the story of Gay's Christmas-tree (which would have delighted Barrie) is the comet-streak of Gaby Deslys's white car, and the long-ago face of Dick Steele of the first *Tatler*. One could weep at the pathos of the plain little Soho waitress whose only romance went wrong.

Recollections

"**I**N MY TIME" (Skeffington; 10s. 6d.), by Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood of Anzac and Totnes, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., C.I.E., D.S.O., LL.D., D.C.I., D.Litt., M.A., is sub-titled "Recollections and Anecdotes." Smilingly inconsequential, this book holds no continuous story—one might think of it as a pendant to Lord Birdwood's earlier *Khaki and Gown*. *In My Time* gives us a mind and a memory in play: it can but, one feels, have been a pleasure to write; and it is a pleasure to read.

At the first glance one would say, "very impersonal"—almost, given the interest of

(Concluded on page 188)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

world represented life as completely grown asunder as the one which fought with bows and arrows and the one which hates in bombs.

And not only in the outer appurtenances of existence. In the moral as well. One can think of no modern mother hiding her identity from her daughter because she is swathed in mink when her actual means could only run to calico. Hollywood, rather than Canterbury or Rome, has sadly, or gladly, become the arbiter of sexual behaviour. In Edwardian times a divorced woman might be considered socially to have "had it." To-day, it may almost be said she has only just begun! Much more than the old elegant formalities are lost. I suppose it is well-nigh impossible to guard them when nowadays a "round of visits" consists mostly of going from one kitchen-sink to another.

People complain that the Art of Conversation is lost; hardly giving a thought to the fact that the last *bon mot* may well have to be uttered with a dish-cloth in one hand and a dirty plate in the other. Anxiety, except in the outer suburbs, is concentrated

more on how to keep on the soft side of the grocer than the awful consequences of a woman leaving her fan in the wrong place, though at the right time of night.

I wondered, therefore, as I sat in the theatre, whether we should still have kept our luxurious elegance had there been no World Wars. We should have advanced, of course, but more steadily; not with such devastating jerks. The older generations, for instance, would still live on solid ground, and not with their legs struggling in mid-air trying to find a familiar resting-place. The Young would perhaps be climbing over their elders, but not kicking them out of the way. Life would be much more orderly, but whether it would be happier would depend on individual temperament.

Anyway, we should certainly not be expected to become hysterical with joy and positiveness by the promise of a banana and an orange. To this extent life has become more contracted. But our children's children, we are assured, are going to have a wonderful time. The Edwardians never appeared to have bothered about them, unless they happened to be illegitimate. Nevertheless, they bred a wonderful generation.

DURING the intervals between watching the present revival of an Edwardian comedy, I kept wondering what the world would be like to-day had the Kaiser never been born and Hitler strangled in his pram. Though the background of the play must have been quite familiar to most of the audience, it might as well have represented some sumptuous fairyland in which only imagination, not memory, had wandered. Enough lovely material in one woman's dress to clothe a whole family of females to-day in Black Market splendour. Everybody living securely on unearned incomes, and the whole emotional atmosphere impregnated solely by Wine, Women and Wit. No haunting fear lest U.N.O. has inherited the dire characteristics of its parents, one born at The Hague and the other at Geneva. Not a symbol of a coupon in sight. No possibility that even sausages could go "under the counter." A glittering existence, in fact, in which the Rich lived richly and the Poor got on with their job.

Strange, therefore, that nowadays there are very few really rich and very few really poor—and nearly everybody is discontented! Almost, indeed, it may be said that the world of the comedy and the present

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

STANDING BY

WHEN a mammoth fell into a crevasse thousands of centuries ago he generally stayed there, trumpeting shrilly at intervals but speaking to nobody, till he died, like a member of the Kandahar Ski Club fallen among cads. And hence, a chap in the City was telling us, that profusion of cheap yellow ivory which was puzzling a citizen recently. There are beaches in the world stacked high with mammoths' tusks, apparently.

What interests us chiefly in this business is the ill luck of the mammoth compared with the tricycle, our favourite illustration of the Darwinian Hypothesis. Eons ago, as you know, the tricycle was just a bicycle. Pursued by ruthless enemies and dominated by the Will to Survive, it began to grow a third wheel for escape purposes. This took some time, naturally, and the poor little bicycle in its struggle for life might well have succumbed—hampered as it was by an embryonic third wheel, not yet of escape value—but for the remarkably decent fact (on which the Darwinian Hypothesis depends) that its enemies were apparently sprouting enough to lay off chasing it for some 10,000 years, till the third wheel was fully grown. Then with a hoot of derision the tricycle, exulting in its new strength, burst away and defied 'em all. A touching story, guaranteed by Auntie Science, who cannot err.

A hairy fool like the mammoth would probably never think of growing a spare wheel or ipper. Nor, if it comes to that, would a number of the Kandahar Club, barring Hugh Kirksmill.

Mexico

THAT young doctor who lately made the big headlines by winning his double cap for Ireland, Rugger and Soccer, shows once more (to us) that the anxious parents of medical students need never give up hope entirely.

Their unpromising offspring may, after qualifying, turn into some outstanding figure of literature (cf. Drs. Rabelais, Browne, Duhamel and Maugham; to begin with). Others again may get extremely rich and powerful and neurotic hags under their thumbs, as Dr. Dee

got Queen Elizabeth Tudor, and thereby rise to enormous power. Others again may become the world's cynosure by carving their wives, like Dr. Crippen, or photographing the fairies, like Canon Doyle, or wearing a glass wig, like Dr. Lettsom, or buying too many fresh warm bodies for dissection and no questions asked, like Dr. Knox, or exchanging gifts with Louis XV, like Dr. Mead. So many of the medical boys, in fact, win fame or fortune outside medicine that to find masses of them merely cashing in on the West End nursing-home racket seems to argue poverty of imagination.

Yet the boys are not incapable of feats of imagination. Compare that wellknown cry wrung from a very starched and exquisite pontiff of the British Medical Council on



"It's my birthday—let's release a couple of age-groups..."

Footnote

THE tentative "hypnosis" suggestion first came, we guess, from somebody who'd observed the average political audience roaring dully at a spellbinder's jokes and hanging breathless on every cliché and formula. But no Oriental juggler born could hocus a crowd into dreamland as easily as that, which maybe explains why all the Hindu conjurers lay doggo. The magicians of the mystic West had them looking like a lot of wooden Eskimos, and they knew it.

Laugh

MOST Eastern cities fallen from glory wrap themselves in silence and contempt and have nothing to say. But on some nights you can hear Alexandria, now closed as a plague port, laughing stridently in the moonlight which strikes along what was once the great Canopic Way, from the Gate of the Sun to the Gate of the Moon.

Alexandria laughs because she has fooled all Europe with those absurd and useless Greek accents which the dons of Alexandria, having nothing better to do, invented in the Renaissance. The ancient Greeks never knew any accents. Plato and Euripides and all the great ones were ignorant of them. Only the dirty sly mind of an Alexandrian don festering in anarchy could conceive this method of making the golden Greek tongue henceforth abominable to the young. Who actually started it we don't remember. We see him as a frightful grinning hooknosed academic type called maybe Pappadopoulos, Thersites ("Dirty") Pappadopoulos, crazy on Greek accents, fried mutton kabobs, and very, very young ladies. How he managed to put his precious accents across the entire pedagogic world was probably not too difficult either. His brother, Aristides, the great financier, later G.C.B., etc., who began as washer-up in a Smyrna bagnio, would see to that. ("Da Master of Belial 'e cry e' von't take it? Vait a leedle meenit, I feex dat guy, I feex heem good!")

None of the academic horde has ever had the guts to throw off this intolerable Alexandrian yoke. Even the turbulent Sorbonne boys endure it meekly. Laugh, Alexandria, mother of plagues.

Pioneer

TAKEING his life in his hands, a Fleet Street gossip-boy ventured the other day into the remotest wilds of Cheshire, we observe, returning safely to Town with real mud on his boots, a rent trouser-leg due to real thorns, and a whole sheaf of round-eyed tales about the aborigines.

One of the terrors of the Jungle, causing many prudent journalists to write their rural stuff in Fleet Street bars, is the fearful way we hayseeds grimace before clawing a living steak from the nearest wild bull. This unnerves the boys even more than our habit of carrying unrolled umbrellas.



"All right, then—a few noggins of rum, perhaps"

observing a medical student reeling home from his evening pleasures :

Dull, dirty, oafish, drunk, and crapulous—Who'd think one day he may be One Of Us?

Phooey

ONCE more, we observe, somebody has been referring to the Indian Rôle-Trick as if it had probably been done, somewhere, at some time, instead of being the complete phonus bononus.

Even more invisible than the alleged boy who climbs the alleged rope and vanishes, a knowledgeable chap was telling us, were the famed Hindu conjurers for whom the late Mr. Maskelyne's agents combed India with a long-standing offer of £1000 a week to perform the Trick (open air) in London. Not the tiniest ghost of a squeak of acceptance came anywhere out of the mystic East; only a deep rumbling of colonels in Simla who all knew a feller who'd actually seen the damn thing done (conjurer-feller probably hypnotised the bally audience, they usually added. Damn clever). You'd think an offer of that size would have packed a couple of P. and O. liners with silent, colourful, magic-laden figures with mysterious eyes. An eminent firm of actuaries has reasonably deduced from the actual results that the Trick could not and will not ever be done.



"Not too bad my taking sixty-one for Euclid, Dad. A nice bit under bogey"



Cooke—Adams

Major James Cooke, M.C., Royal Artillery, younger son of Brigadier and Mrs. C. F. Cooke, of Cerne Abbas, Dorset, married Mrs. Patricia Elizabeth Adams, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Harrison, of King's Worthy, Winchester, at St. Simmonds, Knightsbridge.



Thynne—de Jenner

Capt. John Grenville Thynne, Royal Horse Guards, only son of the late Mr. George A. C. Thynne, and of the Hon. Mrs. Thynne, of Trelema, Bude, Cornwall, married Miss Marianne Madeleine de Jenner, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John de Jenner, of Château de Landshut, Berne, and of Alexandria.



Holland—Ryland

Lt. James C. Holland, R.N., younger son of Major and Mrs. E. Holland, of 10, Princes Gardens, S.W., married Miss June Ryland, only daughter of Mr. H. M. Ryland, of 29, St. James's Street, and of Lady Doughty, of 18, Hans Court, S.W., at St. George's, Hanover Square.

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Seeley—Howard-Kyan

Mr. Edward Seeley, son of the late Mr. Alexander A. Szilagyi, and of Mrs. A. Szilagyi, of Darkston Gardens, London, married Miss Patricia Howard-Kyan, W.R.N.S., elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard-Kyan, of Newell House, Grimston Avenue, Folkestone.



Critchley—Byass

Lt.-Col. Ronald Ashton Critchley, 13/18th Royal Hussars, of Stapleton Tower, Annan, Dumfries, married Mrs. Constance Byass, widow of Lt.-Col. Frederick Byass, 7th Lancers, of 5a, Mount Street, Mayfair, at St. James's, Spanish Place.



Moresby—Greenlees

Lt. John McVittie Taylor Moresby, R.N.V.R., only son of the late Rev. H. McV. Taylor, of Dublin, and of Mrs. P. Mullane, married Miss Janet Greenlees, younger daughter of Mr. T. G. Muir, M.C., Procurator Fiscal of Midlothian, and the late Mrs. Muir.



Davies—Clifford

Mr. Gordon H. M. Davies, son of Major H. M. Davies and Mrs. Davies, of London, married Miss Elizabeth Clifford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Clifford, of Staynes Hill, Lindfield, at All Saints, Lindfield.



Allason—McAreevey

Lt.-Col. James Allason, 3rd Carabiniers, only son of Brig.-Gen. W. Allason, D.S.O., of Chacombe Priory, Banbury, and of the late Mrs. Allason, married Miss Nuala McAreevey, daughter of the late Mr. J. A. McAreevey, of Foxrock, Co. Dublin, and of Mrs. A. R. P. du Cros, of Tyrellswood, Leatherhead.



Doorn—Petrie

Mr. H. Jan Doorn, eldest son of the Netherlands Consul-General in Prague, married Miss Margery (Poppy) Petrie, of Les Avants, Switzerland, at St. Ethelburga's, London.



..SOON,

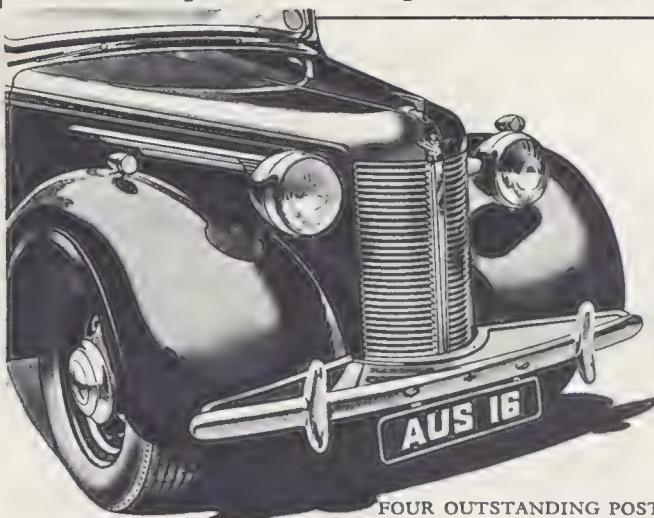
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Lorimer's
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From Two to Five: Peter Pan collar, puffed sleeves and smocking at the waistline. There are knickers to match

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Portrait of Three: all the children on this page are wearing Dayella ready-mades, which are now in stock at Harrods, Swan and Edgar's and Peter Robinson's



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ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing BOOKS

(Continued from page 182)

Lord Birdwood's personality and the value of his point of view, too much so. Almost, had the author's name been suppressed, one might have believed this to be the book of a born observer of, rather than actor on, life's great stage. This observer, one would go on to think; having developed to the full his faculties for admiration, understanding and sympathy, delighted in the achievements of his friends—indeed, in any achievement, for its own sake—but was content, for his own part, to play a modest role. The distance of this assumption from the actual truth is, as we know, almost comic. Lord Birdwood has passed from one highly distinguished position to another. It does, however, remain evident that he has never been blinded or dazzled by the spotlights.

To enjoy life—however testing or onerous be the responsibilities of the hour—and, equally, to look back upon life with pleasure, inner tranquillity and detachment must be necessary. To be great in the world's eyes must be nothing if one is to be at the same time prey to the tortures of egotism. Absence of egotism—an absence which makes the "I" of *In My Time* so almost tantalizingly elusive—and relish of things, places, episodes and characters for their own sakes, must be the secret of the stronghold of tranquillity from which Lord Birdwood writes. Writes, be it said, in troublous enough years: the book was finished in 1944.

Anecdotes

IT would be misleading to suggest that Lord Birdwood fails to give us, with regard particularly to the events and campaigns of the two world wars, his personal point of view. His comparison of the Gallipoli and Dunkirk evacuations is, for instance, striking; and obvious value attaches to his discussion of the campaigns, and appreciation of the commanders, of 1939-1945. Again, he is the spokesman of a generation to whom this last war presented a final test, when he writes:

I know that I am only one of the large number of old soldiers—and old sailors too—who daily must regret most deeply, with a longing which cannot be satisfied, that age prevents us from taking the place which has seemed so entirely natural for many years, alongside old comrades, wherever there might be fighting, in any part of the world. At first it seemed impossible to get over this feeling; but it was no good fretting, and I found that quite the best thing I could do was to throw oneself heart and soul into all the doings and interests of old soldiers, for we know time is relentless, and spares none; we have to bow to it and realize that this more than ever is a young man's war and we older ones—some like me—very much older ones—must make up our minds to sit back and be content to read and hear of the magnificent deeds and great bravery of the troops of our Empire nearly all over the world—such indeed really warms the hearts of every old soldier. . . .

The anecdotes, however, and the sketches of people, great and small, do make up the greater part of *In My Time*. They are more than bizarre and funny; they evoke the social climate of different times and places. Collectively, they carry the stamp of an individual, discreetly mischievous sense of humour. Many have an Indian setting—particularly pleasant, to me, was the Indian assistant's account of an English lady in a small N.W. frontier station. "But Mrs. B. always seemed perfectly happy, for she would sit at the piano every day, slowly decomposing for several hours."

Intruders

The Mayfair Squatters (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.) is a dashing, gay, sentimental, here and there rather Arlen-ish, first novel by Ann Mary Fielding. A quartet—Harvey and Nina, half-Russian brother and sister; Chloe, ex-dancer; and Bryn, ex-R.A.F. pilot, wounded in the head—take up their abode, illicitly but for a term of time most successfully, in a



Children's Helper

Mrs. Edith Edwards in her flat at Grosvenor House working on her plans for a Home for T.B. children, which is to be built on the Papworth Village Settlement. She still has to raise £6,000 for the project

Mayfair mansion deserted by its owners, who have fled to America from the blitz. The atmosphere is very well done; so are the fluid relationships between the four irresponsibles. Bryn and Chloe, just not lovers, make nocturnal roof-top trips; Harvey, philosophic ex-lover of Chloe, consoles himself with his drawing and his role of confidant; Nina is playing an elaborate game with her ex-husband. The idyll is in its curious way, complete.

Crisis comes with the unexpected return of Wanda Joshua-Scrutton, beautiful but detestable daughter of the house. Not unnaturally angry at the invasion, Wanda is for calling in the police, but is temporarily mollified by the charms of Bryn: a situation agonizing for Chloe develops. Bryn, however, proves as ever elusive: Wanda turns ugly and takes action. The end, with the intruders at bay, is exciting. Miss Fielding handles her charming, hectic characters with extreme skill, and her narrative manner is adroit. The Prologue—though I am as a rule against prologues to novels—is in this case effective. *The Mayfair Squatters* should make an excellent film.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Air Travel

AIR speed has so increased that it takes approximately—as I calculate—two thousand times as long to obtain the necessary official permits to travel to Paris as it takes to make the flight.

Some would object that my figure is an underestimate, for it assumes that the official documents have all been acquired and are all in order in the short space of three months. The other day, when I was inquiring about an air passage, it took the Home Office a fortnight to telephone a reply to my letter, telling me that I ought to have addressed it to the Foreign Office. And it is not much use setting the official machinery in motion unless you can bring yourself to be a prig enough to claim that your journey is "in the national interest." There would be an explosion in Whitehall if anybody, asked why he wanted to travel, were to omit the priggish "national interest" formula and to reply: "For fun."

Officials Only

THE advances of air transport ought by now to have brought it home to the solemn UNO deliberators that there can be no unity among the nations while only officials have the right to travel freely from one country to another. This is the real obstacle to air-travel progress. Unless you are a government official, you will have the greatest trouble to travel at all and you will find it impossible to travel by air. Air transport is entirely devoted to conveying the delegates from conference to conference and the officials from office to office. The ordinary civilian is kept out.

I suggest that talk about bringing the nations together is stupid talk; that proposals for preventing war are silly proposals, until the fundamental of free travel is achieved. While you and I are held in England by force of law, it is rubbish to speak of friendly intercourse between the peoples of the world.

The delegates are not conscious of the absurdity of their solemn proclamations, because they themselves never come up against the difficulties of travelling. For them the aeroplane is always ready waiting, the passports are always in order, the documents properly signed, the customs officials obsequious. They have forgotten, if they ever knew, these lofty ones, what it is to try and penetrate the documentary obstacles and to take an air trip anywhere. Rich men, in the old days, used to have to put up with the insolence of office and customs men delighted in trapping them. But today there are no rich; only officials. Officials have everything. And for them all ways are open, all paths straight. Air travel is not going to interest the ordinary public until it is thrown open to the ordinary public and until members of the ordinary public can travel in something approaching the comfort and with something approaching the ease of the officials.

That Honours List

SOME of the puzzles of the Honours List have been elucidated, but I still occasionally hear mention of one of them; the double honour conferred upon Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Portal. For his work as Chief of the Air Staff a high honour was essential. But the granting of the O.M. as well had two effects. First, it took from Mr. Winston Churchill the distinction of standing alone in the list and, second, it appeared to confer a greater honour upon Portal than upon Churchill. Portal deserved to be marked out from all R.A.F. officers, but I feel that the method of doing this was unfortunate.

In the second instalment of the list many deserved honours were to be noted. They were among those who have been working as pilots and as technical men. There were many friends there. Test pilots got their share, and among them was Squadron Leader P. V. Williams, who received that rare distinction, a bar to his Air Force Cross.

The A.F.C. is not a widely distributed decoration, in any case, and the A.F.C. and bar is very rare. I know only of one man—Group Captain Wilson, holder of the world speed record—who has an A.F.C. and two bars. Squadron Leader Williams has been chief test pilot for the Standard Motor Company at Coventry. Not long ago, he and Sir John Black flew the 1,066th and last Mosquito to be made by Standard. Williams retired from the R.A.F. to join the Standard Company and is now, I hear, going to the company's car service department at Canley.

Petrol and Oil

IT is good to know that we are soon to return to branded petroliums. The trouble with pool petrol was not that it was bad, but that one knew almost nothing about it. There are still a few motor cars which repay a careful choice of fuel. And there are motor cars which repay the choice of the cheapest fuel.

Pool petrol was an unnecessarily high octane rating for some crock-like vehicles, but not high enough for certain sports cars. I suppose that, in a sense, competition between the fuel concerns is wasteful; but there can be no doubt that it leads to the customer obtaining better service. I shall be glad when we get back to the branded fuels.

Oils have been under their brands during the whole war, so that no change can occur here. But freeing the whole organization will also help the customer in this as in the other field.



Off To South Africa

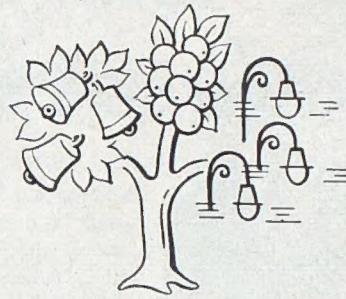
S/Ldr. L. C. Hoare, R.A.F.V.R., and Miss Dorothy W. Petty after their wedding at St. Paul's Church, Swanley Village. S/Ldr. Hoare is shortly taking his wife to Rhodesia, where he will take up his former job as a civil engineer



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Recognise him?

To you and me he's just the man in the booking office, but any of the station staff would recognise him—even from here—as the chap who runs their National Savings Group. If you were to ask him why he does this fine unpaid job as a Voluntary Worker in the National Savings Movement he'd say: "We all want to see plenty of things in the shops again, don't we? But that won't be till the Old Country's prosperous again. If we all spend as little as we can, we shall be bringing this prosperity nearer. That's why I'm keeping on with my Savings work."

Why not become a Voluntary Savings Worker yourself? Your Local Savings Committee will welcome you, or write to the National Savings Committee (Dept V.W.3), London.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

No
bottles
now,
Madam

says OLD HETHERS®



"But you don't have to go without, do as I do—make it from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley. You'll find full directions on the tin. If you can't get hold of a lemon or an orange, flavour with the juice of stewed or tinned fruits, or maybe you've some ideas of your own."

Barley Water from
ROBINSON'S
'Patent' BARLEY

The Very Best!

No superlative could convey the truly delightful quality of VAMOUR.

Skillful blending of the choice imported wines and selected Herbs of which it is composed make VAMOUR the vermouth for the discriminating.

Regrettably not in full supply at present, but contact your Wine Merchant—you may be fortunate.

Remember, every occasion with VAMOUR is a special one.



VAMOUR



THE True VERMOUTH

VERMOUTIERS (London) LIMITED
25-28 BUCKINGHAM GATE, LONDON. S.W.1.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM COLDS

... here is a suggestion

Take two Serocalcin tablets daily, for thirty consecutive days. If your general level of health is reasonably good you can then look forward to three to four months immunity from colds.

A 30-day course of Serocalcin must necessarily be an experiment; but it is an experiment that is usually successful because most people "respond" to Serocalcin, which is thought to act by stimulating the natural resistive capacity of the body against invading organisms that cause colds. Your Doctor or Chemist will tell you more about —

SEROCLACIN

for the prevention and treatment of the common cold
The full Serocalcin immunizing course (60 tablets) costs 8/5½ inc. tax;
and there is a small pack of 20 tablets for which the charge is 3/4½.
All who suffer from the common cold are invited to send for booklet
"Immunity from Colds."

MADE BY HARWOODS LABORATORIES LTD., WATFORD

WILL'S

Embassy

LARGE
SIZE-
MILD
FLAVOUR
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

20 for 2/-

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. MM. 27v

A Reminder from
W.H. SMITH & SON

BOOKS FOR THE FORCES

Do you know that the need for books for the Forces is now more urgent than it has ever been? In 1944 the public gave 7,000,000 books; in 1945 only 3,000,000, although the demand was greater than ever. The serving man of to-day, awaiting demobilization, has a good deal of time on his hands. The serious-minded man could, if he had the books, put in some valuable study in preparation for civilian life. One who reads merely for recreation wants more and more good readable books.

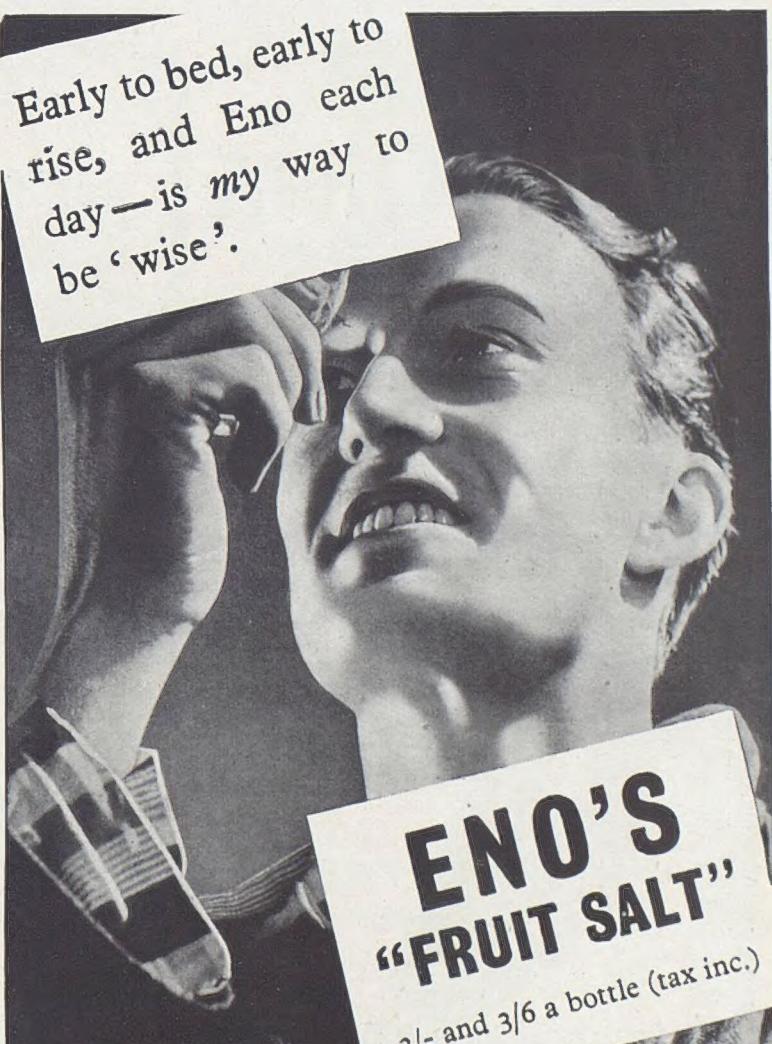
A recent survey, taken amongst representative ranks in the C.M.F., shows that the men want books for entertainment in the following order of preference:

- (1) CRIME & DETECTIVE STORIES
- (2) WESTERNS
- (3) MODERN HUMOROUS FICTION
- (4) SHORT STORIES
- (5) MODERN SERIOUS FICTION
- (6) OTHER ADVENTURE BOOKS

*The Need is URGENT
will you help?*

*It is so easy
to hand in
your books at
any Post Office
unwrapped
unstamped
unaddressed*

*Early to bed, early to
rise, and Eno each
day—is my way to
be 'wise'.*



For
**"YOUR
GOOD
HEALTH"**

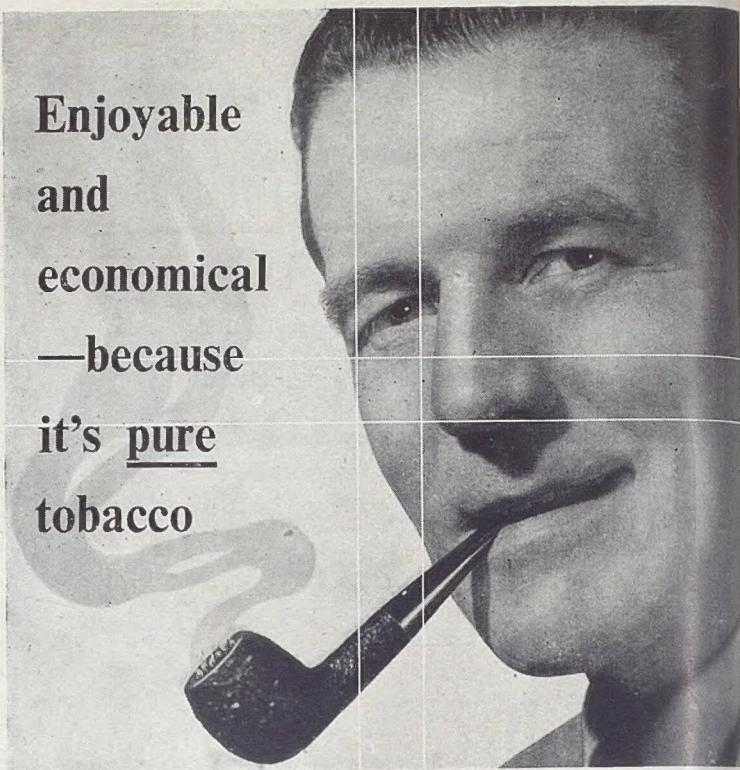
use
SANITAS

The Safe PERSONAL Antiseptic

At all Chemists

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ D

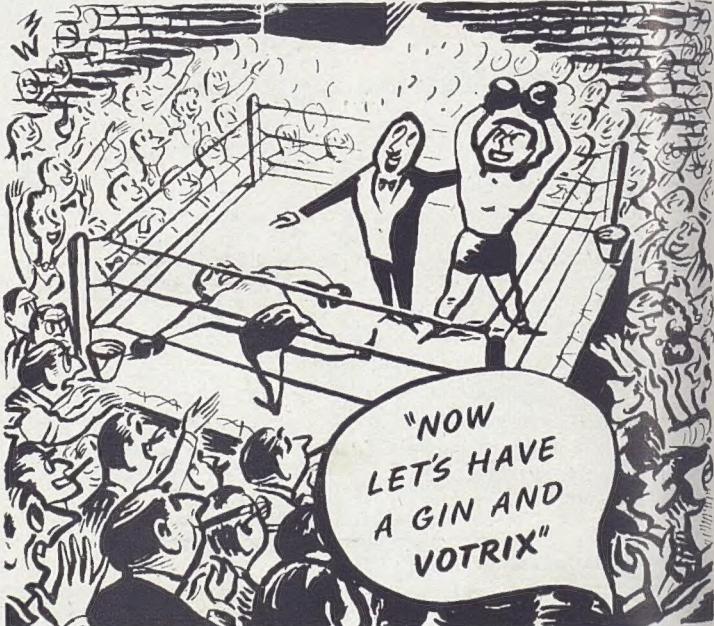
Enjoyable
and
economical
—because
it's pure
tobacco



FOUR SQUARE gives you long-lasting enjoyment because it's just pure tobacco, free from artificial scents and flavouring, matured and mellowed by ageing in the wood.

SIX BLENDS - 2/8 and 3/- PER OZ.

FOUR SQUARE
REGD TRADE MARK
TOBACCOS



So now we can relax. The time has come for discussion, and for tales of far-off fights and battles long ago. So let's all sit down somewhere — and let's discuss a gin and Votrix. It's British Vermouth, and very good. A world-champion in *any* round.

VOTRIX VERMOUTH

SWEET 9/- OR DRY

Produced and bottled by Vine Products Ltd., Kingston, Surrey

Perfect fitting gives ease and elegance.
Three widths to each size and half-size.

H.L. SHORTLAND
Master Shoemaker and Designer of the Wearra Shoe